

the long game

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the long game

by [yellowfork](#)

Summary

He didn't know if Malfoy intended to ever actually fuck him, or if he just wanted to see Harry desperate for it. The man was drunk on erotic power, and unhinged enough to waste away the entire night on these games. A conniving Slytherin even in bed, he couldn't be trusted to stop scheming and constructing pointless power struggles long enough for anybody to come before the sun came up. Harry would need to take action.

Notes

Huge thank you to badwolfblues for beta reading! <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

When Harry arrived in Florence on assignment, the last person he expected to run into staying at his hotel was Draco Malfoy. Having run into Malfoy, the last thing anyone would have expected—had they known—was for them to end up sleeping together.

Regarding the former, he should really have been prepared for Malfoy to be there. After all, this was the hotel where the European Potions Association was hosting its annual conference, and Malfoy was himself a potioneer. On Harry's part, the Aurors had received a tip that someone was selling under-the-table fire fern root—a highly illegal substance—to the conference attendees. The Florentine Aurors had an investigation underway, but the Ministry had a vested interest in preventing the fire fern from making its way back to Britain at the end of the week-long conference, and so had sent Harry down to assist.

Regarding the latter, he couldn't in good faith claim to be truly surprised that it happened. But the particulars—those were unexpected.

It wasn't as if he hadn't thought about it. The magic world was small, and the gay community within it was smaller still. They had mutual friends—had even hooked up with a couple of the same men—and Harry had heard through the grapevine that Draco Malfoy was an excellent shag. Harry couldn't say he hadn't been curious, on a strictly intellectual level. There was a portion of his brain that, ever since his Hogwarts days, he'd never been able to fully shut off—a part that was dedicated to cataloguing everything there was to know about Draco Malfoy. For instance: Was it true, what they said he and the Magpies' keeper got up to in the broom cupboard at that one fundraiser? Did he babble incessantly in the bedroom as he did in all other contexts, or might that be one way to shut him up? What did he look like when he came? All facts that the Draco Malfoy-dedicated portion of his mind insisted could be relevant to determining whether the man was Up To Something. Of course, Malfoy hadn't been actively evil in years—these days, he was merely irritating. Bizarre, rude, and always talking rubbish.

There may have been another part of Harry's brain—one dedicated to different matters—that also took an interest. Who was to say? But it wasn't like Malfoy featured in his sexual fantasies. Not with any regularity. Not with any *accuracy*. If a man bearing some resemblance to Malfoy's posh, arrogant blondness ever did feature, he surely did not conduct himself the way the real Malfoy would if they ever—well. It was normal to fantasise. Harry had passing thoughts about numerous men—friends, acquaintances, strangers—thoughts he certainly had no intention of acting on.

Possibly, lately, there had been a moment or two when that other part of Harry's brain was a little more active than usual. For instance, there had been the night of Luna's birthday drinks at Knight Bar. Harry had seen Malfoy there, across the room, dancing with a man whose name Harry didn't know. Harry hadn't even been sure if Malfoy was there at Luna's invitation or if he was just *there*, as he always seemed to *be there* in those weeks after his brief but intense fling with the Weird Sisters' PR manager had come to an equally brief but intense end. In the aftermath he seemed to have made it his personal goal to sleep his way through all of gay wizarding London. Harry, several pints in, hadn't been conscious of the fact he'd been watching them until Malfoy's eye caught his over the shoulder of his dance partner. Harry had anticipated him pulling a face at Harry's obvious staring, and—well, he

had pulled a face, but not of the flavour Harry had been prepared for. Or maybe it *had* been the usual sort of face, but the effect had been different, maybe, because of the way the bar's lights had caught his white-blond hair, or the way he had slipped his hand under the other man's shirt collar as he held Harry's gaze. Either way Harry had suddenly felt overly aware of how long it had been since he'd been with anyone. It was reckless, almost, to go around in such a state of sexual frustration. He was so shaken he ended up snogging Terry Boot for the rest of the night.

It was the afternoon of his first full day in Florence when he first spotted Malfoy. He was stepping out of the hotel lift, chatting animatedly with an older witch, just as Harry was passing through the lobby on his way to meet with the Italian Aurors. It took only a moment for Malfoy to notice him, his mouth immediately changing gears from talking a mile a minute to smirking in Harry's direction. Harry heard him tell the older witch that he'd catch up with her at dinner, and the next thing he knew Malfoy was striding in his direction. Harry raised his eyebrows in acknowledgement and waited for him to catch up.

"Lost, Potter?" he drawled, "Take a tumble out of the wrong floo?"

"No. Tosser," Harry said, already feeling the onset of annoyance, "Work sent me. I didn't know you'd be here or I'd have filled out the paperwork differently. I put it down as 'minimal exposure to hostile parties.'"

"I'm sure the Aurors have long since chalked it up for a lost cause, deciphering anything you put to paper in that chicken scratch of yours."

Malfoy had followed him out of the hotel, into the warm late afternoon sun. Harry decided to take advantage of the fact they were no longer in a lobby bustling with conference-goers.

"Hey, what do you know about—" Harry stopped and leant in, lowering his voice, "fire fern root dealing going on at the conference?"

At Harry's quiet tone Malfoy had bowed his head to listen, which from anyone else would have seemed merely polite. From Malfoy it somehow came off like he was exaggerating their minor difference in height. It also meant he was close enough to smell his hair product, and to feel his sharp exhalation of a reply like a breeze in his own unruly hair. Harry shoved these unwelcome observations aside.

Malfoy cast a *Muffliato*, apparently so he could imbue his answer with full-throated disdain. "You don't mean that *repugnant eel* Julietti?"

"Maybe. What makes you think of him?"

"Oh, well—only that he offered to sell me some fire fern root the first day I was here," Malfoy waved a long-fingered hand dismissively in the air, "is that reason enough for you? Only I'll be caught dead before I buy from that ill-bred slime again. You're welcome to him. In fact, tell him I sent you."

Harry chose to ignore the “again”, as well as the implication that Malfoy had any influence whatsoever over which suspects the Aurors did or did not pursue.

“And this is common knowledge, that he deals in illegal substances?” Harry asked. The local Aurors had said they’d uncovered zero leads from the interviews they’d conducted with conference attendees.

Malfoy snorted. “No, he’s smarter than to go approaching just anyone. I wouldn’t have said anything about it, either, except he has it coming. Pathetic excuse of a man.”

“And, er, why is that exactly?” It went without saying that it wasn’t the illegal ingredient-peddling Malfoy took offence to.

When Malfoy turned his smug smile back on Harry he realised that, despite the Muffliato, they were still standing rather close together.

“Nice try, officer. But I’ll be keeping the details of that particular tale to myself. Let’s just say that he *shamelessly poached* my prized beater right out from under my nose. One couldn’t be expected to simply forgive and forget such a betrayal, now could they?”

This, of course, was in reference to a particular pick-up game of quidditch from a month or so back. Harry had—in an entirely fair and strategic move—chosen Goyle for his team. The righteous indignation this had provoked in Malfoy had merely been a bonus. Naturally, Harry hadn’t heard the end of it ever since.

That had been the second moment, during post-game drinks, when Harry had thought a little less abstractly about the idea of *something* happening between them. A quick calculation had told him that he was one of two openly queer men at the pub who Malfoy had not yet hooked up with. A reckless, curious part of him wondered *what if* as he’d slid into the booth beside Malfoy. But then it had taken less than five minutes for the two of them to get into an argument about Malfoy’s blatant and unsportsmanlike cheating, which in turn led to rehashing every quidditch disagreement they’d ever had, culminating in a full-blown shouting match. He’d ended the night wondering what on earth he’d been thinking.

—

Equipped with a name and description, it was simple enough for a search warrant to be obtained for Giulietti’s property. Having uncovered his stash of fire fern root while he was out at the conference the following day, an arrest warrant was drawn up and Aurors were dispatched to lie in wait outside his house. Harry’s part was done, and he was free to return to the hotel to enjoy a final night in Florence.

The evening found him in the hotel bar, chatting up an attractive wizard visiting from Sweden. His name was Erik, he was also travelling alone for work (something to do with inter-European apparition regulation that Harry only partially understood), and he hadn’t shown any signs of recognition at the sound of Harry’s name, as was often the case, abroad. Or at least he was polite enough not to let any recognition show. Overall Harry felt things were going fairly well, but after they finished their drinks Erik made his polite goodbyes and left Harry sitting alone, watching the other patrons of the bar. Mostly watching one patron in

particular—Harry had spotted the white-blond head of hair that was now seated at the bar as soon as its owner came in. Malfoy had been joined by a well-dressed man not long after he sat down, and the two had been looking friendly ever since.

Harry was contemplating turning in for an early night, ahead of his international portkey the next day, when he saw Malfoy's companion rise from his seat and head out into the lobby with a little wave. Seeing Malfoy strike out made Harry feel significantly better about his own lack of success. Thinking he'd feel even more cheerful if he went over and gave Malfoy a hard time about it, he made his way across the room to the bar.

"Drinking alone, Malfoy?" he said by way of announcing his presence, "You didn't do an unfortunate impression of your date again, did you? I told you before that isn't good flirting technique."

Malfoy swivelled his barstool to face Harry and painted a smirk across his face.

"Oh, and you think I'd do better to take a page out of your book? Burn my hairbrush, cultivate a just-back-from-battling-evil smoulder? You may call it stoic. I call it unnerving."

Something about Malfoy's arrogant posture (how did one even manage to lounge on a barstool, for Merlin's sake) made Harry want to rattle his composure. He stepped into Malfoy's space.

"I find a few words can go a long way, with the right delivery," Harry said, directing his gaze at Malfoy's mouth. Just to prove a point, of course.

Malfoy seemed entirely too comfortable with Harry invading his personal space. If he was rattled, he hid it well.

"And that worked on your date, did it—I suppose he's just stepped out for a minute?" he leaned forward, reducing the distance between them even further. "Does he know you're over here talking to another man?"

Harry narrowed his eyes at him, which turned into a genuine squint when Malfoy reached up and plucked the glasses from Harry's face. Donning them, he launched into an all-too-familiar Harry Potter impression.

With Harry's glasses on Malfoy's face they were both practically blind, which is why neither of them noticed the return of the handsome man Malfoy had been talking to.

"You see, when fighting the forces of darkness I find it's all about the *delivery*," Malfoy-as-Harry was saying when the man appeared next to them.

With the calmness of someone accustomed to being caught in the middle of an impression, Malfoy removed the glasses and replaced them with a smooth grin. Harry snatched his glasses from Malfoy's hand, and once restored to his own face they brought into focus a stylish wizard who was looking between them with an uncertain but benevolent smile.

Harry knew he should probably excuse himself and leave them to whatever had—apparently—been going so well after all. Instead, he retreated a respectable distance and introduced himself to the unfamiliar man, whose name was Luca and whose accent was as Italian as the name would suggest.

“I, er, just wanted to give Malfoy some good news,” he turned back to Malfoy, who listened with one eyebrow raised, “about Julietti.”

“You see Luca, *Harry* here has been working to keep the fine streets of Florence free from evildoers,” Malfoy said, voice dripping with sarcasm.

“I’m an Auror,” Harry clarified.

“Ah, very nice, and your man is—what is the expression—in the sack?”

“Or are you still working on that part, Potter?” Malfoy said with a smirk.

“Yes, er, n— that is—in the bag, we have him, yes. Everything is lined up for him to be brought in tonight.”

Malfoy looked suspiciously interested. Harry wasn’t sure if he was feigning interest to mess with Harry, if he was pretending to be a normal, polite person in order to make a good impression on Luca (unlikely), or if something else was happening. There was a pause in conversation during which Luca looked from Malfoy to Harry and back, then seemed to make his own assessment and nodded to himself ruefully.

“I have perhaps misread the situation,” he said apologetically, “I’m sorry, I didn’t realise you were—”

“Oh, no, you didn’t—” Harry began, at the same time as Malfoy—with a devilish grin—said “We’re open.”

Harry glared at him sharply.

“Ah—again I misunderstand,” Luca gave another self-deprecating smile. “I am flattered, but I do not enjoy being a third.”

“No, no—” Harry hastily corrected him, not wanting to hear where Malfoy would go with that prompt. “We’re not together,” he said firmly.

“Ah, perhaps not. But still,” Luca picked up his drink from where it sat on the bar and raised it to them, “you gentlemen enjoy yourselves. It was nice to meet you both.”

With a disturbing wink he made his departure, leaving Harry and Malfoy in silence that lasted a beat too long.

“Imagine,” Harry snorted, imagining it.

“Truly it exercises the imagination,” Malfoy said. He drained the last of his glass of wine before continuing more crossly, “Your lack of social graces continue to astound me, Potter.

He was interested before you scared him off.”

“Oh, and what makes you so sure?” Harry asked, even though it was perfectly clear to anyone who had been watching—as he had been—that the man had been interested.

“He’s the one who approached me in the first place, he was *charmed* by my impression of him—even if he pretended not to be—and he seemed awfully interested in my mouth,” Malfoy said smugly. “Paid for my drink, as well.”

The gears churned in Harry’s brain.

They were both looking for the same thing—a quick hookup, nothing complicated. They knew each other, and so could mutually rest assured the other wasn’t a crazy axe murderer—actually, Harry knew Malfoy *was* crazy, but not a killer, and with Malfoy at least he knew exactly what brand of crazy he was dealing with. They had both been looking to pull, and even between former-nemeses-turned-tolerant-acquaintances, a casual exchange of blowjobs wouldn’t be a big deal.

“Well, are you unsettled?” Malfoy said.

“Yes,” Harry said truthfully.

“As am I. So shall we?”

Harry blinked. “Shall we?”

“Settle our bills,” Malfoy said, waving for the bartender, “I’m ready to retire, and thanks to you Potter, you absolute knob, it won’t be with Luca.”

“I thought you said he paid for your drink already.”

“He did, but then—generous as I am—I offered to buy *his* next drink, which I remain accountable for, despite the fact that you sent him running with your abysmal manners and generally unsettling presence.”

Harry stole glances at Malfoy as the bartender came over and told them what they owed. On impulse, Harry paid for Luca’s drink as well as his own, since Malfoy had brought it up. He wasn’t buying *Malfoy* a drink, one could argue. Equally one could argue he wasn’t *not* buying him a drink, if one chose to interpret it that way.

They eyed each other with uncertainty as they made their way out of the bar.

They eyed each other suspiciously as they waited for the lift.

When the lift arrived and they stepped inside, Harry hesitated, waiting for Malfoy to either press a button or ask him which floor was his. Malfoy did neither. After an uncomfortable pause Harry pressed the seven for his own floor.

“Seven?” he asked when Malfoy still did not move.

“Seven,” Malfoy confirmed ambiguously.

They continued to eye one another with curiosity after the lift dinged and let them out at the seventh floor.

“I’m this way” Harry said, gesturing. Malfoy only raised an eyebrow, proceeding in the same direction.

As they made their way down the corridor, Harry kept careful watch over Malfoy, who returned his gaze with an obnoxious smirk. Harry felt seventy-five percent sure that Malfoy’s room was not this way—was likely not even on this floor—and that Malfoy was in fact accompanying Harry back to his. He knew Malfoy had been looking to pull tonight, and sure, he had been flirting shamelessly. Perhaps they both had. The thing he remained unsure of was whether Malfoy would see more novel appeal in leading Harry on just long enough to get the chance to reject him outright, the moment plausible deniability on Harry’s part was truly off the table.

They reached Harry’s door. Malfoy slowed to a stop next to Harry, and they appraised each other for another long moment. Harry took out his wand and tapped it against the door to unlock it, without taking his eyes off Malfoy’s.

“Well,” he said.

They were on each other the moment they were inside, and the reports were true; Malfoy was a good kisser. He tasted of red wine, he smelled of cologne, and his hands were everywhere: removing Harry’s glasses and flinging them to the side, pushing Harry’s jacket down off his shoulders, twisting his fingers in Harry’s hair and using the leverage to better angle Harry’s mouth against his. Harry matched his pace, grabbing roughly at Malfoy’s arse and shoving his tongue into his mouth. The kiss turned dirty rather quickly, and Harry had barely had time to kick off his shoes when Malfoy started walking them over to the bed, pushing Harry backwards onto it, stepping out of his own shoes, crawling over him. Harry grabbed him by the collar and pulled him down into another fierce kiss. He ran his fingers through Malfoy’s fine hair, which he had long dreamt of getting his hands on, he could admit to himself now that it was happening. Malfoy may have been harbouring a similar desire, because his hands were back in Harry’s hair as well, tugging on his curls to gain access to Harry’s neck.

When Malfoy lowered his body onto Harry’s, he thrilled to feel that Malfoy was hard. Harry was quite hard too, and pressed his erection pointedly into Malfoy’s hip. In response, Malfoy ground his hips down and sucked hard on Harry’s neck.

They were both breathing heavily now, and between heated kisses Harry had the thought that they should have done this a long time ago. He rolled them over to straddle Malfoy and pulled his own shirt over his head before leaning down to recapture Malfoy’s mouth, attacking his shirt buttons. Malfoy seemed to get the idea. He pushed up into a sitting position and started working at getting Harry’s belt open with one hand. His other hand was under Harry’s arse, holding him upright—or else just groping him. Impatient with his slow progress on Malfoy’s buttons, Harry turned his attention to palming Malfoy’s erection through his trousers. The novel satisfaction of knowing Malfoy was hard for him didn’t wear off. His mind fizzled at the thought of getting his mouth on it, but he was willing to wait—

Malfoy had already extricated Harry's belt from its loops, tossed it carelessly aside, and was now attempting to undo the button of his trousers one-handed. Harry took over, rising up on his knees to get his zipper down, Malfoy's hands already sliding inside his trousers to grip his arse. Leaning down and tilting Malfoy's face up to kiss him, Harry indulged the fantasy that he was fulfilling a long-held desire of Malfoy's. He certainly seemed to have some specific ideas about what he wanted, with the way he sucked on Harry's tongue—the sensation going straight to his cock—or the pointed way he tugged at Harry's trousers. He broke the kiss and climbed off Malfoy to help get his trousers the rest of the way off.

As Harry reclined back, Malfoy lowered himself between Harry's legs, wetting his lips. Harry cast the vision-correcting charm that always made his eyes itch for a full day afterwards, happy to put up with the discomfort—he wanted to watch.

It might have felt a little exposing, being naked next to a fully dressed Malfoy, but the way Malfoy was staring thirstily at his cock was intoxicating, and overpowered any other thoughts in his head. Malfoy wanted him—so much that he couldn't be bothered with his own clothes, so much that he had started essentially ripping Harry's clothes off before the door had even shut behind them. He propped himself up on his elbows to watch as Malfoy took him in hand and sunk his mouth down over him in one fluid motion.

Like everything he did, Malfoy's blowjobs were overly elaborate. *Trying to impress me*, Harry thought. Harry was equally determined to put forward a good showing, to not let things be over too quickly.

Malfoy was definitely showing off—pulling out all manner of tricks, and watching Harry as closely as Harry watched him, seeming to catalogue his reactions. He found the spot just under the head of his cock that was most sensitive and kept returning to it periodically, alternating light licks and massaging it with the flat of his tongue, always backing off to distract himself with something else—mouthing along the shaft, running his tongue around the head, taking Harry deep in his mouth. Harry wasn't prepared to say that it was the best blowjob of his life—not on record, anyway. He wanted to sink his fingers in Malfoy's hair and fuck his mouth.

He gently, experimentally rocked his hips upward, just once. Arousal swept down his spine when Malfoy hummed approvingly around him, and he reached out to rest a hand on Malfoy's soft hair.

This might have been the moment when things took a turn, if he was forced to pinpoint it, looking back later. Or possibly things had begun to take a turn a while back, and Harry had simply not been paying attention.

Malfoy pushed Harry's hand away and pulled his mouth most of the way off. Lips wrapped loosely around him, he flicked his tongue over the sensitive spot on the underside of Harry's cock, and with each touch of Malfoy's tongue warm pleasure pooled low in his belly. He smoothed a hand down Harry's side, down to the side of his arse, and squeezed encouragingly. This time it was less intentional when he thrust up into Malfoy's mouth. He was close now, and the sight of Malfoy with his lips wrapped around Harry's cock—he thrust again, and kept going when Malfoy again hummed in satisfaction.

Soon his hips were moving of their own accord, pumping in and out of Malfoy's mouth and gaining speed—until an arm fell over his hips, pinning them to the bed. He gasped as Malfoy slowed the pace, leisurely taking him in his mouth down to the hilt and then sliding up again just as slowly before easing off, bobbing his head up and down shallowly—maddeningly—so just the head of Harry's cock slid between his lips. Gradually he increased the rate of his movements and eased his weight off Harry's hips to allow him to start to push his cock into his mouth again. Before long his hips were snapping up into Malfoy's mouth at a rate bordering on frenetic as Harry chased his imminent release. He felt his balls tighten against his body and his legs start to tense when Malfoy suddenly restrained him again and resumed his infuriatingly slow pace. Harry groaned in frustration as Malfoy dragged his lips over Harry's aching cock, up and down, up and down. Then he had the nerve to ease off entirely, letting Harry's cock drop heavily to his stomach. He gave it a single, wet lick up the underside before taking it in hand—his touch teasing, far too light to be satisfying.

Harry groaned again and let his head fall back. He should have known sex with Malfoy would be infuriating. He wanted—badly—to come, was right on the brink of climax. He knew if he took himself in hand he could get there in just a few strokes, thought about doing so—about painting Malfoy's snide face with his come, getting it in his hair.

Lost in the fantasy, and without Malfoy holding his hips down, he couldn't help but lift them off the bed, futilely, as it only made Malfoy loosen his grip on Harry's cock even further. Still, Harry couldn't stop thrusting uselessly into Malfoy's loose fist. His fingers twitched with the temptation to reach down and touch himself. But he could do that any time. The thought of letting Malfoy get him off was too enticing, his long fingers wrapped around Harry too tantalising.

He continued to let Malfoy take his leisurely time with him, even if he needed to come so badly he was fighting to keep his legs from shaking with each teasing stroke of Malfoy's fingers along his shaft. He needn't have been concerned with it being over too quickly. He collapsed back on the bed and tried to gain control over himself, rubbing a hand over his eyes and forcing his hips to still, trying to calm his breathing. Surely Malfoy would finish sucking him off if he stopped giving him the satisfaction, stopped putting on such a show.

He heard a wet sound and a moment later felt Malfoy's other hand trailing down between his legs, behind his balls, and on instinct Harry's leg bent up further to allow him access. As Malfoy's wet finger skimmed lightly over his hole Harry let his knees fall open, and the finger started to rub lightly in gentle, sure circles around his rim. Harry pressed his lips together and bit back a moan. The touch was too light, and served only to ignite a new desire in him, not to satisfy. He noticed hips were churning restlessly again, seeking relief from one of Malfoy's hands or the other. He felt he had stumbled into a game he didn't know the rules of, felt out of control of his own body. Malfoy was playing him like a fiddle. It was supposed to be a categorically good thing when your partner was talented in bed, but as with all things, talent in the wrong hands was dangerous.

Abruptly, both of the hands that had been driving him crazy disappeared. Distantly he wondered what Malfoy was doing—finally undressing, he guessed. Rather than raise his head to look, he tried to take a moment to catch his breath—and instead got lost in the

thought of Malfoy stripping and demanding Harry suck him off first before he gave him relief.

He felt the feathery brush of Malfoy's hair on the inside of his thigh. Relieved, he anticipated Malfoy taking him back in his mouth and finishing him off, but then he felt Malfoy's warm breath behind his balls and both of Malfoy's palms skimming along the backs of his thighs. He sucked in a breath and let Malfoy push his legs up and back, then felt Malfoy's mouth close over him in a wet kiss.

"Oh my god," he moaned. His voice sounded strange to his own ears. He was rewarded with Malfoy's tongue lapping firmly at his entrance, and moaned again.

One of Malfoy's hands trailed over Harry's erection, which lay abandoned and leaking on his stomach, and then down to fondle his balls, which were drawn tight against his body with his need.

"You're close, aren't you," Malfoy said, pulling back just enough to speak. Harry could feel the warmth of his breath against the sensitive skin between his legs, and an involuntary shiver went through him. His whole body tingled with sensitivity, even where Malfoy's hand rested against the back of his leg. He gasped as Malfoy resumed licking in wet, firm strokes over his hole.

But, the silence having been broken, it seemed Malfoy's habit of endless monologuing had been reactivated.

"But you're not coming anytime soon," he went on, pulling away again after what could have been a matter of seconds or a matter of minutes. Harry's heart thudded in his chest. He realised he had been practically panting at the ministrations of Malfoy's tongue and, annoyed with himself, attempted to calm down. He was in far over his head. He heard Malfoy mutter the words to a spell Harry knew well, and this time correctly anticipated the return of Malfoy's slickened finger against his entrance.

"First I want to have you writhing on my cock," Malfoy said, pressing against Harry's hole with intention. "You're no stranger to being fucked, are you?"

"No," Harry replied, trying and failing to keep his voice steady. Malfoy's finger pressed in and Harry fought to keep the word from turning into a moan. He hadn't imagined more than a quick exchange of blowjobs when he'd led Malfoy to his room, but now, feeling Malfoy's long finger working in and out of him, he wanted what he was offering. He hadn't even laid eyes on Malfoy's cock yet, but he found he was quite interested in getting it inside him.

"Of course I'm not," he added testily. "I think you know that." Part of him didn't wish to engage in conversation—somehow he felt silence was a barrier against acknowledging the state that Malfoy had him in. But the other part of him—the part that couldn't resist sniping back—had won out.

Malfoy fingered him with entitlement, the same way he did everything else in life, like he knew Harry would let him. He may have been incidentally right about that, but nonetheless a familiar irritation mixed with the maddening arousal coursing through his body. Of course

sex with Malfoy would be this infuriating, but Harry had never been very good at walking away from him. Somehow his irritation only made it even less of an option to put an end to things.

“Mm, but I don’t think you’ve ever been properly fucked,” Malfoy remarked with faux consideration. Harry could hear the snide grin in his voice. Then his finger brushed over the spot inside Harry that stole the retort from his mouth and replaced it with a throaty groan. Malfoy hummed in satisfaction.

“Do you still want to come now?” he asked, withdrawing his finger and taking Harry’s balls in hand, leaning down over him “or do you want a proper fucking?”

Harry wanted Malfoy’s finger back inside him. He also needed more time with him, a chance to get revenge on Malfoy for toying with him the way he had been. He needed to see Malfoy equally riled up, and getting him to get his cock out would be a good place to start. He raised his head to look Malfoy in the eye.

“You can fuck me, Malfoy, if you think you’re up for it.” He dropped his gaze to Malfoy’s crotch suggestively.

“Yes, I think you need a very thorough fucking. I’m going to fuck that attitude right out of you, all night long, on every surface of this room,” Malfoy said, still rolling Harry’s balls in his hand. “I’ll have you begging for it. And if you’re lucky, I’ll let you come once or twice before I’m done with you.”

Harry’s traitorous cock twitched obviously at that.

“You’ll need to use more than your finger if you’re going to live up to your promises,” he said.

“Oh, I have more than fingers in store for you.” Malfoy withdrew his hand to undo his trousers enough to finally pull out his cock, which was very hard. Harry propped himself up against the headboard and watched hungrily as Malfoy gave himself a few lazy strokes. It wasn’t right that such a mouth-watering cock—long, curved, so much pinker than the rest of him—should be attached to such an insufferable person. There was no justice in the world.

“Shall I give you a demonstration?” Malfoy asked, not waiting for Harry’s response before coming closer, steadying himself with one hand on the headboard above Harry’s head, straddling Harry’s body with one knee on either side of his chest. With his other hand he guided himself between Harry’s lips, pushing in as Harry opened his mouth willingly.

Trapped as he was between Malfoy and the headboard, Harry had little control over the situation as Malfoy pumped steadily in and out of his mouth. Still, he did his best to use his tongue, to suction his lips around Malfoy’s cock, to do everything he could to rile him up. He imagined Malfoy losing control, being unable to stop himself from coming in Harry’s mouth. Maybe Harry would bend him over then, and be the one to fuck him, hard and fast, finally coming deep inside him.

But the steady roll of Malfoy's hips made it clear what was really happening. This wasn't Harry pleasuring him—Malfoy was giving a demonstration, like he'd said. A demonstration of how he would fuck him. Harry's fantasies drifted back to Malfoy's promises. *Thoroughly*, he'd said. *Properly*.

"Keep those legs spread so I know you want it," Malfoy taunted, as if reading his mind. And Harry did as he said, letting his knees fall shamelessly open even though—or rather because—Malfoy couldn't see him do so. He imagined how the slow, steady thrusts of Malfoy's cock in his mouth would feel elsewhere, stretching him open, doing so with entitlement. With both hands he grabbed Malfoy's arse, urging him on as he continued his deliberate thrusts into Harry's mouth.

"Shall I make you come on my cock, then?" he asked, only the slightest breathiness to his voice giving away that Harry's mouth had had any effect on him.

He pulled out so Harry could reply, resting the wet head of his cock against Harry's lips. Harry looked down at it. As turned on as he was, the image suddenly struck Harry as ridiculous, and he grinned widely as he manoeuvred a hand between them to grab Malfoy's dick at the base and lean forward to speak into it like a microphone.

"Yes. Do it. Now," he enunciated through his laughter. Malfoy's face furrowed into a look of utter confusion before he too burst out laughing.

"I did intend to fuck you silly tonight, but I thought I'd at least have to get my cock in you first," he said, moving down the bed, grinning manically. "I'm afraid you're going to be quite mad by the end. In truth, I'm worried about you, Potter."

"I'm still not convinced you even know where to put it," Harry declared gleefully. Privately he thought Malfoy was quite right—he had lost his mind. It was one thing to have sex with Malfoy, but it was quite another to be laughing, joking, with him during it.

"Oh, I know just what to do with it to have you coming so hard you forget your own name," Malfoy announced.

"It'll be difficult to forget with you screaming it in my ear," Harry shot back, deeply amused.

Malfoy tsked. "Delusions. Another sign of madness, I'm afraid. And in the prime of life, too."

"You think so?" Harry asked, pleased, as he lay back and displayed himself with all the confidence he could muster considering he was still—somehow—the only one in the nude. He felt he had regained some semblance of control—although he still had not come, laughter had a way of releasing tension. Feeling he was finally about to get what he wanted, his annoyance had subsided. Even his erection, which for a while there had been hard nearly to the point of pain, had flagged slightly during the whole microphone-dick bit. Whereas earlier he'd been sure he would come nearly as soon as Malfoy got inside him, now he thought he might be able to last long enough to properly enjoy it.

Of course, this was still Malfoy he was dealing with, who had a pathological need for the upper hand at all times.

He raised a sceptical eyebrow at Harry's cock. "I thought you were ready to come, Potter," he said. "You don't look ready to me. You're going to have to do better than that."

"Come on already and *make* me come, if you can," Harry said recklessly, rolling his eyes. Maybe he could goad Malfoy into action.

"Mmm, but you're going to need to use more than just your words," Malfoy said, leering. "You're going to beg me with your body, like you were doing such a fine job of earlier." At his words, Harry's cock began to rise to attention again, giving him away. Malfoy's gaze hadn't wavered from it.

"You like that, do you?" he said with a smirk, before repeating the incantation from earlier.

His hand now glistening with lubricant, he slid it over Harry's hardening cock, rubbing back and forth, his touch once again meant to tease. As Malfoy continued to toy effectively with his cock—palming the underside, rubbing his thumb over the sensitive head, pressing into its leaking slit—Harry began to fear Malfoy actually would keep this up all night, slowly driving him mad. His hips lifted helplessly off the bed, and a sound like a whimper escaped his lips when—to his dismay—Malfoy's hand slithered down behind his balls, then rested there unmoving.

"I told you to spread your legs if you want it," Malfoy said, his voice low. Harry closed his eyes and spread his legs, exposing the place where he wanted Malfoy's fingers to go. He feared he had foolishly revealed far too much and now Malfoy knew precisely how to toy with him, knew exactly what Harry would not be able to resist, how to take him to the edge and keep him wavering there, unable to do anything to advance or retreat.

Malfoy pushed two fingers into him unceremoniously. "You aren't even ready for my cock" he rambled, never knowing when to shut up. He scissored his fingers efficiently, stretching Harry open. "I should make you do this yourself while I watch, but if I let you get your hands on yourself you won't be able to resist bringing yourself off, will you?" He thrust his fingers faster, rougher, making Harry's hands clench in the bedsheets. It still wasn't enough—intrusive, but not enough to satisfy.

"Put your hands on the headboard," Malfoy commanded as he fingered him, and—unable to think clearly—Harry did as he was told, stretching his arms above his head and grabbing hold of the vertical bars.

"Good," Malfoy said, and then curled his fingers inside Harry, making him see stars. "Now moan for me," he directed, massaging over his prostate. Harry did moan, the sound of a broken man. How rapidly he had lost control, he realised. Malfoy was driving him straight to the edge of coming again. He'd had enough of being toyed with.

He thrust down onto Malfoy's fingers with purpose, shifting his intentions from getting Malfoy's cock in him to simply getting off, one way or another. He didn't know if Malfoy intended to ever actually fuck him, or if he just wanted to see Harry desperate for it. The man

was drunk on erotic power, and unhinged enough to waste away the entire night on these games. A conniving Slytherin even in bed, he couldn't be trusted to stop scheming and constructing pointless power struggles long enough for anybody to come before the sun came up. Harry would need to take action.

He'd get his own orgasm taken care of first, he told himself, as he ground down on Malfoy's fingers. Then he'd manhandle Malfoy into submission, rip his clothes off, and suck him off quick and dirty. He was sure he could get it together enough to put his plan into action, if only he could first achieve the sweet release of orgasm. He was close enough that he was sure he could come just from Malfoy's fingers inside him, massaging him so expertly, if he could just focus and not let on to Malfoy how close he was already. He planted his feet on the bed and worked himself down onto Malfoy's fingers shamelessly, concentrating on keeping his breaths steady, his aching erection swaying in the air as if begging for attention.

He nearly sobbed when Malfoy withdrew his fingers, but his dismay subsided when he looked up and saw Malfoy rising to his knees and slicking up his cock. A very promising sight.

Malfoy leant over him, planting one hand above Harry's head and using the other to rub his wet cock tantalisingly against Harry's neglected erection. Harry's hips rose off the bed, chasing the wet slide. The fabric of Malfoy's trousers chafed against his skin.

"You're close now aren't you," Malfoy murmured next to Harry's ear. "You want to come on my cock?"

"Yes," Harry ground out through clenched teeth, distracted by the feeling of Malfoy's cock against his.

"Good," Malfoy said, "but you can't come just yet. Not until you've been properly fucked. So you need to tell me if you're about to." He pressed his hips down, grinding his erection deliciously against Harry's. "Alright?"

"Yes" Harry said again, not meaning it in the least, just saying what he must to get Malfoy to finally, finally fuck him.

Malfoy drew back, and Harry—knowing by now what Malfoy wanted from him, not wanting to be ordered around any longer – made a show of bending his legs at the knee, lifting them up, splaying them wide open. *Begging with your body*, Malfoy's words ran through his mind. *We'll see who's begging by the end of the night*, Harry thought, still making vague plans to see Malfoy put in his place, even as he lay exposed, legs in the air, offering himself up to be fucked.

"Very good," he could hear Malfoy's wicked grin even without looking.

He would turn the tables on Malfoy. He just needed to come first. Having waited so long—and having demeaned himself this far—he wanted his release to be satisfying. Giving in and bringing himself off out of impatience was simply not an option. Once Harry got his hands on him, maybe he'd decide not to let Malfoy come at all. Maybe he would use his mouth to take Malfoy to the edge—in record time—and then kick him out, still ragingly hard in his

trousers for anyone to see as he slinked back to his room to finish himself off, to thoughts of Harry.

Harry was brought back to the moment by the feeling of Malfoy rubbing the hot, solid head of his cock against Harry's entrance, teasing. The bastard.

A new fantasy floated through Harry's lust-addled mind. All this teasing and hesitating, drawing out the process to the point of absurdity—could it be that Malfoy was equally at risk of coming as soon as he got inside Harry? He put on a calm, collected front, but he was deceitful. In fact, his habit of deception suggested it was more likely than not that he was hiding something, didn't it? Maybe all of this wasn't about kink or domination so much as it was about concealing a stamina problem. The sneaky git had learned to edge his partners to the point of insanity so they'd be too dazed—too relieved—to notice that Malfoy was unable to hold out for as long as they were. This theory sent Harry reeling. His desire to catch Malfoy out, to make him come before Harry did, warred with his deep need to come—a need he felt on a physical, mental, and psychic level at this point.

Lost in thought, he was unprepared when the head of Malfoy's cock finally pushed into him, and he let a gasp escape his lips. Malfoy felt substantial, considerably thicker than his fingers. Harry's body stretched to accommodate even just the tip of his cock. Malfoy pulled out, then entered him again, just an inch. He paused there for a moment before withdrawing again and repeating the motion. The third time, Harry felt his body stop resisting the invasion and start to crave it.

“Get on with it,” he urged Malfoy, forgetting for a moment that Malfoy took direction like a kneazle took to water. He pushed slightly further in, but then retreated again, pulling nearly all the way out, and then repeated the motion, rocking his hips shallowly in and out, never pushing all the way in. Harry needed more. Why was it that no matter what Malfoy did, no matter how infuriating it was, it only made Harry want him more?

“Can't have you coming just yet,” Malfoy taunted, “you haven't had a cock like mine before, you'll be coming all over yourself if I let you have the whole thing right away.” None of what he said made any sense.

“I'll fall asleep before I get to come at this rate,” Harry found himself saying, though the timbre of his voice belied his words.

“Oh, is that so?” Malfoy asked, feigning surprise, stilling his movements for a moment.

“I think you're all talk,” Harry said, canting his hips, seeking *more*, “don't think it's me you're worried about.”

“Hmm, no,” Malfoy said, consideringly. He plunged himself deep into Harry, knocking a sound out of him. “I'm pretty sure you're the one at risk of coming all over himself,” he said before drawing back and thrusting in again, hard. Harry grunted in satisfaction.

Malfoy grabbed hold of his hips and began fucking him in earnest, and in his triumph Harry didn't bother to try to stop the sounds he was making. He angled his hips in Malfoy's grasp

and moaned shamelessly as the new angle had Malfoy's cock dragging against his prostate, making his legs shake as his pleasure built once again to a fever pitch.

He was so close, and he would be damned if he let Malfoy know—why, so he could deny him relief for the third (or was it the fourth) time that night? He had lost count, had lost track of any other goals he'd had in mind besides straining to keep his hips at just the right angle, besides letting Malfoy's steady thrusts send him over the edge into the arms of the strongest orgasm he had experienced in years.

His body clenched around Malfoy's cock and he cried out in relief as his untouched cock twitched and spat hot liquid over his chest and stomach, and most likely onto Malfoy's shirt as well. His legs wrapped around Malfoy and his hands found his arse, urging him in, in, in, coaxing another wave of pleasure out of his body. He was still riding his high, head thrown back, hips slowly rocking on Malfoy's still-hard cock even as it began to feel too-much, when Malfoy extracted himself from Harry's embrace, fixing him with a narrow-eyed look that might have had Harry concerned if he hadn't been too blissed out to care.

"No self control, have you," Malfoy said appraisingly, trailing a finger through the come on Harry's stomach. "You were told to warn me when you were getting close, were you not?"

"Mmm, yes, I recall you saying something like that," Harry replied, stretching his stiff arms and legs, terribly pleased with himself.

"It's exactly as I said—you're in need of a *thorough* fucking. You need to be taught that I'm the one who decides when you come," Malfoy rambled on.

"Sure," Harry said contentedly, ignoring him. He should peel himself off the bed and suck Malfoy off to shut up his horny lecturing for good, he thought to himself. He would in a moment—after he had regained control of his limbs.

"Good thing I'm not nearly done with you yet," Malfoy said, beginning to rearrange Harry's legs. At this imposition Harry finally sat up halfway, shaking Malfoy off and muttering a cleaning charm to take care of the cooling come that was streaked up his torso.

"I don't think I can go again just yet, but here, let me suck you off first," Harry offered, beckoning lazily for Malfoy's cock, which still protruded obscenely from his otherwise fully clothed body. "And aren't you ever going to take your clothes off?" he added, exasperated.

"Oh, you can go again," Malfoy said with a mischievous smile. He swatted away Harry's reaching hand and pushed him back down onto his back. "I said I'd have you on every surface of this room, and I mean to. I know a spell. Shall I show you?"

Harry felt his eyes widen as Malfoy reached for his wand and looked at him, waiting. When Harry nodded, fascinated, he pointed it at Harry's dick and recited an unfamiliar incantation.

The effects were immediate. The sated feeling of having just come lifted, and in its place the hot tension of arousal washed abruptly back over him. He first felt—and then saw—his cock begin to stiffen again, until it was standing at attention, fully hard.

“Fuck,” he said in disbelief. He hadn’t known there was a spell for that. He wondered distantly if this was another of those things that everyone who grew up in the magic world just knew about, and no one had bothered to clue him in. Still, he’d had his fair share of sex and it had never come up as an option.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Malfoy said gleefully “and no, the spell doesn’t make you hard. It merely alleviates the effects of recent orgasm. *That*,” he nodded at Harry’s hard-on, “is all you. You’re insatiable. As I already knew.”

He stood up and put aside his wand before setting about—finally—removing his own clothing. “Fortunately for you, I have self control, and am prepared to go all night long. To ensure you get the proper fucking you need, that none have been able to provide, leaving you in this insatiable state.”

Malfoy truly was off his rocker. Harry had always known this and had invited him into his hotel room despite it. But... on the other hand, he was undeniably turned on, and ready to go again—that much Malfoy was right about. Vexed as he was by Malfoy’s perpetual scheming, if the aim was a long night of erotic pleasures—where was the harm in that? He stood to benefit.

He raked his eyes over Malfoy’s body as it was revealed piece by piece. The rest of him did his perfect cock justice, unfortunately. Harry had seen him shirtless before once or twice, after quidditch—his lean frame and broad shoulders, the small patch of pale blond hair on his scarred chest. His long, bare legs were a new sight, and a welcome one. Another line of hair trailed down from his navel to his cock, shining with lubricant from having been inside Harry. He was still fully hard—they both were. It was absurd. Harry felt laughter bubble up inside him, threw self-preservation to the wind, and said “Alright, get back here then, and be as thorough as you like.”

Malfoy, predictably, shook his head. “You can’t be trusted to listen to a single thing I say. I’ve already had you on the bed. Get up.”

He waited with his hands resting cockily on his hips, expectant, as Harry climbed to his feet. He eyed Malfoy’s erection, remembering that he’d had plans for it. Plans to extract an immediate orgasm from Malfoy at the first opportunity. He debated if he had any interest in carrying through with that intention, and elected to keep his options open, to first see what Malfoy had in mind. Taking Malfoy apart was high on his list of priorities, but he wished to redeem himself in other areas as well—to strike a better balance between enthusiasm and composure. First, he’d make sure Malfoy knew that his dick game wasn’t *all* that, and only then would he set about proving that his own, in fact, was.

“On the desk,” Malfoy commanded, pushing Harry backwards with one hand on his chest until he was sat naked on the edge of the small desk. He leaned his weight back on his hands and let Malfoy lift his legs up and apart, leaving him exposed.

“Hold out your hand,” Malfoy said breathily, his eyes roaming hungrily over Harry’s body laid out before him.

Harry, distracted by a new thought, absentmindedly did as he was asked. This deranged narrative Malfoy had spun about Harry “needing” to be fucked again—what was it but an excuse to get to fuck him some more? Malfoy wanted him. *Insatiable*, he’d called him, but Harry thought he was projecting.

Harry smiled to himself and let his palm be filled with more lubricant, then used it to coat Malfoy’s cock as instructed. He eagerly wrapped his hand around Malfoy and stroked him soundly, twisting his wrist, eyes glued to Malfoy’s face as he watched Harry’s hand. Harry was playing a new game, now that it had occurred to him that every order out of Malfoy’s bossy mouth was a request in disguise, revealing his own desires to Harry in plain terms. This was a game that was much easier to win.

With Malfoy still holding his legs open, Harry guided Malfoy’s cock to his entrance and rubbed it against himself—he could tease as well. His current position might appear compromising, but viewed in another way he had the upper hand—he had come already. Malfoy hadn’t. And clearly he wanted nothing more than to fuck Harry. Harry could outlast him this time.

He gave Malfoy another stroke, and when Malfoy began to push in with Harry holding him steady, guiding him in, he flattered himself by deciding there was a fifty percent chance that it was his touch, the temptation of his body—so irresistible to Malfoy—that had spurred Malfoy on.

He downplayed the other fifty percent chance that Malfoy had simply arranged him on the table, spread his legs open and stuck it in him precisely when and as he meant to, all with Harry’s cooperation.

But after all, seduction was a complex and subtle art. If Harry moaned and ran his hand appreciatively down Malfoy’s chest as he began to fuck him, it was all part of his strategy—his strategy to rile Malfoy up. And based on the red flush spread over Malfoy’s chest and up his neck, the way his lips parted at Harry’s touch, Harry told himself it was working. He was playing the long game. No longer in such a desperate state, he felt that he could go all night after all, could enjoy another leisurely orgasm or two thanks to this spell of Malfoy’s.

Although, thinking of the spell, a suspicion began to arise—Malfoy may in fact be using another spell on himself, to delay his own orgasm. If that was the case, Harry would need a different strategy for driving him to wild abandon, one that involved more than moaning enticingly as Malfoy fucked him. Harry was debating being irritated by the idea Malfoy might be employing this unfair advantage when Malfoy ceased his movements, and spoke ominously.

“Now, since you disobeyed me earlier, I think you need to be taught a lesson.”

“Do I, now?” Harry said wearily.

“I told you to tell me when you’re about to come.”

“I’m not,” Harry said truthfully, “keep going.” His desire was at a pleasant simmer from the steady slide of Malfoy’s cock, but the angle hadn’t been right to send him on the path to

coming any time soon. If being kept at a low simmer was his punishment, he really could keep this up for hours, he thought. Or at least until he deemed it was time to have his way with Malfoy, which he could at any moment.

“Since you failed to do that, I think it’s only fitting that this time you let the entire floor know when you’re coming,” Malfoy said, in a deceptively reasonable tone.

“What?” Harry yelped as Malfoy gave a sudden sharp thrust, burying his cock inside Harry and keeping it there.

“What are you on about?” Harry asked, pushing himself upright from where he’d sprawled back over the desk. The vulnerability of the position suddenly striking him, his legs flexed in Malfoy’s grasp, but Malfoy only tightened his grip and pushed them further back. Leaning in close, Malfoy ground his hips against Harry. The change in angle was subtle, but significant, and Harry couldn’t help but gasp. His whole body felt overheated.

“I’m going to remove the silencing charm on this room,” Malfoy said, “Do you think the fine residents of this hotel will recognize the chosen one’s voice when it’s moaning in pleasure, chanting my name? When you’re crying out that you’re going to come, begging me to let you?” He gave another firm thrust that Harry felt in his cock, and he swallowed down the sound that threatened to escape.

Malfoy leant in closer to speak another unfamiliar incantation next to Harry’s ear, then drew back, relaxing his hold on Harry’s legs. Giving him an opening to extricate himself, if he chose. But Harry felt they weren’t nearly done here.

Harry was rather sure it wasn’t even how silencing charms worked, even in foreign hotels, not to mention the fact Malfoy hadn’t been holding his wand. Although he’s seen him cast simple charms without it, this was surely not one he had mastered wandlessly. Malfoy remained still, watching him with a challenge in his eye.

“What, need a break already, Malfoy?” Harry said, “Too much for you?”

“Watch it Potter,” Malfoy said, a wolfish grin spreading over his face. He hooked one of Harry’s legs over his shoulder and ground his hips into him. “Don’t forget I know how to make you moan.”

Harry flushed with embarrassment and arousal at the thought—imagined being driven to such heights of pleasure that he would let the whole world hear. Which was probably exactly what Malfoy intended. He tried to maintain his composure as Malfoy fucked him hard and slow into the desk, his thoughts turning to the fantasy of making Malfoy lose himself to the point of shouting his pleasure to the entire floor. He would fuck Malfoy so good, just like—*that*—he swallowed a gasp as Malfoy hooked his other leg over his shoulder and leaned in over Harry, using his body weight to press him flat, lengthways, onto the desk, using the new angle to drive into him deeper, to drive all thoughts from his mind. Harry flung a hand out overhead in search of something to grab onto, was distantly aware of sending something crashing to the floor, too focused on the solid masculine weight of Malfoy on top of him to care. Failing to find purchase behind him, his hands found Malfoy, his fingers digging into

the toned flesh of his hips, feeling the muscles working to drive Malfoy's cock into him again and again.

"Turn over," Malfoy said suddenly. He slid off the desk and let Malfoy turn him around to bend him over its surface. He let Malfoy kick his legs apart and groaned quietly as he slid deep into him from behind. For once Malfoy wasted no time on teasing, simply resumed his solid, steady pace. The sound of his hips slamming into Harry's arse was obscene in the quiet room, and the strength of his thrusts applied pressure to Harry's cock where it was trapped between him and the smooth surface of the desk. Harry panted into the crook of his elbow and endured the delicious onslaught, even as he felt tension coiling hot and inevitable at the base of his spine. Malfoy was going to make him come—not imminently, but inevitably.

He groaned at the thought before remembering that he was supposed to be quiet, or—no. He was supposed to be loud? He couldn't think—Malfoy spread a hand possessively over Harry's lower back and up his spine to the back of his neck, before finally threading his fingers in Harry's hair and tugging. Harry moaned again, louder this time, surprising himself. The people next door—but no, Malfoy hadn't actually cast anything, before, he'd just been messing with Harry again. Or he'd cast some sort of stamina spell that meant he could keep this up all night—hours of fucking him relentlessly from behind with his long, solid cock. It felt as perfect as it looked, hitting the exact sweet spot that was so difficult to reach on his own. He wanted it—even as it was already happening. Harry clutched at the side of the desk with a desperate sound, overwhelmed. He was now actually in danger of coming. He was supposed to do something. Stop Malfoy from making him come? Even at the thought his body disagreed—his back arched, his legs spread wider as he rutted against the surface of the desk. Every time Malfoy pulled back Harry felt his own hips lift, chasing, trying to meet his next thrust, needing it faster, harder. As if sensing his growing desperation Malfoy slowed down, but it did nothing to stop Harry's orgasm building. The drag of the cock inside him was too good.

"I'm gonna come," he gasped, without having made the conscious decision to do so.

"No you're not," Malfoy replied, abruptly pulling out, leaving Harry gasping and exposed where he lay bent over the desk. Once again this had all slipped out of his control rather suddenly. And yet again, the temptation of another earth-shattering orgasm dangling in front of him prevented him from changing course.

"Good," Malfoy said, running his hand appreciatively over Harry's arse. "Now get up,"

Harry pushed himself up off the desk, and turned to lean against it, gathering what little dignity he could still lay claim to. He told himself he was driving Malfoy mad with lust, even if it was difficult to tell because the man was so mad to begin with.

Malfoy had him get down on the floor on his hands and knees and submit to further ministrations from his tongue in Harry's arse. It wasn't enough to nudge Harry further towards orgasm—actually gave his impending climax the chance to retreat a bit—but at the same time it only fed his lust. Soon he was pushing himself back onto Malfoy's tongue, panting audibly, a string of expletives tumbling from his lips. Things were out of hand.

“You aren’t going to come if I fuck you again, are you?” Malfoy pulled away enough to say.

Harry—rather snappishly—told him no, he wouldn’t come, and to just give him the cock already. Malfoy acquiesced, draping his body over Harry’s and taking him once again from behind. When he felt Malfoy reach around and take Harry’s cock in hand he let his elbows give out, his head dropping to the carpet. His body moved with a mind of its own, alternately thrusting back to impale himself on Malfoy’s cock, then forward into Malfoy’s slick grip, chasing release even as he knew it would be denied him. But then, Malfoy had said he might let Harry come once or twice before he was done with him. There was a chance Malfoy would indulge him this time.

“I’m gonna—” he gasped, and although Malfoy instantly stilled his movements, he also didn’t pull away entirely this time. Harry redoubled his efforts, pushing back up onto his hands and onto Malfoy’s cock. “Don’t stop,” he panted, overly optimistic.

Malfoy squeezed his fingers harshly around the base of Harry’s erection. “Not yet. Don’t come yet” he said, even as he resumed pumping slowly in and out of Harry, who dropped back down to his elbows with a moan. He was so close he could taste it.

A moment later Malfoy, again, stilled the movement of his cock inside Harry, then loosened his grip from the base of Harry’s cock and gave him a few lazy strokes, his touch feather-light.

“Don’t stop,” Harry begged again, but Malfoy did stop, gripping the base of his cock again as soon as Harry let his hips start to buck.

“If I don’t stop, are you going to come?” Malfoy asked, trailing his free hand down the back of Harry’s thigh.

“Yes,” Harry panted.

Malfoy pulled out.

“We’ll do the chair next.”

Harry calculated that the large wingback chair must be the final surface they had yet to fuck on, and therefore he was due his release this time. And so was Malfoy, if he was actually intending to come at all that night. With this in mind, he followed Malfoy to the chair.

Malfoy took a seat and proceeded to arrange Harry in his lap so that he was splayed over Malfoy’s body, his back pressed against Malfoy’s chest, his legs draped over the outsides of Malfoy’s so his feet couldn’t quite reach the floor. He complied as Malfoy instructed him to grab hold of the back of the chair just above his head, exposing every part of his body to Malfoy’s wandering hands.

He held on and allowed Malfoy to run his hands over his chest and belly, along the insides of his thighs, the undersides of his biceps, even lightly grazing over his armpits—a body part Harry had never before paid any mind. It should have tickled, but it only made him gasp softly. Every inch of him was overly sensitised, reactive to Malfoy’s touch.

It was on that chair, under Malfoy's thorough explorations of his body that he began—somewhat concerningly—to think Malfoy had been correct. He really did need a proper, long fucking. Bolstered by the certainty that he would be seen to in good time, that he would soon be allowed to come, the urgency that had gripped him—driven him into a frenzy on his hands and knees on the floor—began to subside. The touch of Malfoy's hands was heavenly, and Harry felt himself melting back against Malfoy. He wanted Malfoy's hands between his legs, on his cock, but he was in no hurry.

With one thumb brushing against his nipple, Malfoy finally saw fit to reach his other hand down between Harry's legs. Harry moaned softly, and Malfoy turned his face to fasten his mouth to the side of Harry's neck, drawing another moan from him. Malfoy trailed his hand up to cup Harry's balls, seeming to assess how close he still was, before continuing up to stroke his cock once, twice, three times. He continued to suck on Harry's neck as his hand travelled back down to tease Harry's entrance some more, rubbing around the rim and then dipping just inside, as if to prove he could. Harry's breathing was laboured, but evened out as Malfoy's hands returned to Harry's legs, stroking along the insides of his thighs.

“Good,” Malfoy murmured in his ear, “you're ready for my cock again.”

He helped Harry lift up, reached between them and with some manoeuvring managed to arrange them so he could lower Harry onto his cock. The position didn't allow for much movement, especially as Harry's feet dangled uselessly just above the floor, leaving him without any leverage, but Malfoy's shallow thrusts soon had Harry grinding on his lap, his cock bobbing obscenely in the air as he worked his hips in counterpoint with Malfoy's. *Writhing on my cock*, Malfoy had predicted.

“That's it,” Malfoy said, running a possessive hand over Harry's sweaty chest, “Now I'll make you come.”

“Yes,” breathed Harry.

Malfoy took Harry in hand and began to stroke him firmly in time with movement of their hips.

“Are you going to come if I don't stop?” Malfoy panted in his ear.

“Yes,” Harry gasped, “yes,”

Malfoy's hand only sped up.

“Tell me when you're going to,”

“I'm gonna come,” Harry said hastily, honestly.

“Good,” Malfoy said, and then Harry was coming—hard, groaning, spilling over Malfoy's knuckles as he stroked him, fucked him through it. His muscles gripped Malfoy's cock as he ground down, riding out the waves of pleasure that swept over him.

“Yes,” he heard himself chanting “yes, yes”. He’d lost his mind, along with his dignity, but who needed those things when such carnal pleasures were on offer. Nothing had ever felt so good.

At length, he pushed himself up and lifted gingerly off Malfoy, who—unbelievably—had not come yet. He was definitely using a spell, Harry thought. But surely he would let Harry get him off—Harry had plans—now that they had reached the end of Malfoy’s agenda.

They had not reached the end of Malfoy’s agenda, he soon learned.

Malfoy rose from the chair and snatched his wand from the bedside table. Harry watched from where he had collapsed on the bed as Malfoy cast cleaning charms over them both, and then aimed it once again between Harry’s legs.

“Again?” he exclaimed, but his traitorous body betrayed him —against all odds—his dick sprung back to life just as soon as the spell had washed away the effects of his second orgasm.

Malfoy shook his head gravely. “Looks like we aren’t done with you yet,” he said, “But then, there’s one more place where I’ve yet to fuck you.”

“Where?” Harry asked, eyeing the luggage rack suspiciously. “And aren’t you ever going to come? Do you even do that, or are you actually some kind of, like, sex robot disguised as Draco Malfoy?”

“I’m not familiar with this ‘sex robot’ of which you speak, and while I admit I’m intrigued, first I must see to you, for the night grows old.” Malfoy said loftily.

Harry could only watch, breathing a sigh of relief when Malfoy passed by the luggage rack to stand before the wardrobe, pull open its doors and—without turning around to look at him—told Harry “Get in”.

Harry was propelled off the bed and over to the wardrobe by morbid curiosity as much as anything —although he was in fact hard again, which was a contributing factor. Malfoy directed him to sit on the base of the wardrobe like it was a chair, his legs planted firmly, for once, on the carpet. Malfoy stood before him and cast another cleaning charm on himself for good measure.

“You think I should be the one to come this time, do you?”

“I think it’s about time you did, yes,” Harry replied, watching with interest as Malfoy stroked himself.

“And where do you think I should come?” Malfoy inquired.

Harry indicated with a pointed glance where he thought Malfoy’s come would be best put to use.

“Filthy,” Malfoy grinned, and then grabbed his wand again, pointed it at his own dick, and muttered a *Finite Incantatem*.

“I knew it!” Harry exclaimed, and while he meant it to come out as an accusation, there was perhaps a tinge more admiration to his tone than he intended. Malfoy only grinned wider, tossing his wand on the bed. His erection bobbed lewdly, invitingly in Harry’s face.

“Tell me when you’re close,” Harry took great joy in saying before swallowing him down.

It was quite different from the first time he’d had Malfoy’s cock in his mouth that evening, for several reasons. The most important one being Malfoy was no longer protected by whatever devious sex spell he had been operating under all night (which, upon reflection, had surely been what he’d cast earlier, rather than doing anything with the silencing charms), and so the orgasm he had thereby been suppressing throughout all their fucking came hurtling to the surface rather rapidly. Harry hardly had a chance to begin showcasing his own skills before Malfoy was gasping, pulling out, saying that he was close. It was a delayed victory, but a victory nonetheless, Harry thought. One point to him.

Malfoy braced a hand on the back of the wardrobe so he could lean over Harry, gave himself a few quick strokes, and aimed, just in time to paint Harry’s waiting erection with stripes of come. Harry watched Malfoy’s pulsing cock, entranced, until Malfoy finished stroking himself through his orgasm, and dropped to his knees. With a hasty swipe of his hand he gathered that which had not landed on target, and began to stroke Harry, rubbing his own come up and down the length of him. Harry grabbed Malfoy’s head with both hands and pulled him in to kiss him, open mouthed and dirty, for the first time in what felt like hours. Malfoy kissed him back fervently, his hand gliding over Harry’s cock.

Malfoy drew back to drape one of Harry’s legs over his shoulder, pulling him to the edge of the wardrobe so he could reach between his legs and slip two fingers inside him. Harry clung to the sides of the wardrobe and used his other foot to anchor himself, to keep from tumbling to the floor.

“You’d let me fuck you anywhere, wouldn’t you?” Malfoy said, leaning in to murmur against Harry’s lips. Harry was tempted to deny it, but he could see that his pattern of behaviour would stand in contrast to such protests. Malfoy went on, “I’ve had you all over this hotel room and yet here you are, still rock hard for me.”

“You’re one to talk,” Harry said shakily, “you came all over me in about two seconds once you no longer had—ngh” his sentence ended abruptly as Malfoy crooked his fingers inside Harry, targeting his prostate and effectively shutting him up. Malfoy kissed him messily, swallowing every sound his hands coaxed out of him.

Ejaculate didn’t actually make for lasting lubrication, predictably, and after it entirely lost its effectiveness Malfoy bent down and took Harry in his regrettably talented mouth. It seemed to defy logic that he could come again so quickly—that he could come again at all—but thanks to the spell, under Malfoy’s expert hands and tongue, Harry was being dragged toward orgasm again in short order. He might have prepared himself for Malfoy to slow down, to back off, to tease him and draw out his climax like he had been all night—if he hadn’t been too fucked out to bother trying to predict what Malfoy would do. The fact that he was simply along for the ride, prepared to submit to Malfoy’s treatment, to come or not come as events dictated—perhaps this was what it meant to be properly fucked. Malfoy must have thought so—or maybe having finally come had snapped him out of his sex frenzy. Whatever the

reason, he worked efficiently, took no detours, and had Harry spilling into his mouth in record time.

This time Harry was allowed to collapse on the bed in peace. His body felt like a bundle of limp gillyweed. The mattress dipped as Malfoy flopped down next to him, and they lay side by side, breathing in silence.

“There you are.” Malfoy declared after a long while. He slapped Harry’s arse. “Properly fucked.”

Harry raised his head to look at him. He looked unusually serene, his white-blond hair fanned out on the pillow around his head.

“That wasn’t *proper*, Malfoy, that was *deranged*,” he protested, “I think there’s something wrong with you.”

Malfoy opened his eyes to narrow them at Harry. He rolled off the bed and briskly started dressing himself. Harry wasn’t sure how he was even able to stand.

“Even after all of that, I’m afraid I’ve underestimated you,” Malfoy’s running commentary resumed as he fastened his trousers. “It seems it will take an even more thorough fucking to set you right. Perhaps it’s due to the shortcut I took with the wardrobe...” he mused as he slipped his shoes on whilst buttoning up his shirt, “Lucky for you, I’m willing to give it another go tomorrow night,” he glanced around the room as he tucked in his shirt, “After all, there’s still the bathroom we haven’t covered yet. And the balcony—” he waved his hand vaguely around the room.

Harry stared at him, aghast.

“So if you’re interested, be here at the same time tomorrow night,” Malfoy continued, striding for the door, then turned to look Harry square in the eye, “And I expect you to be ready for me. We haven’t time to waste.”

With that, Malfoy disappeared into the corridor, drawing the door firmly shut behind him.

Harry blinked at the door and, once he could gather the strength, dressed to go down to reception and see about extending his reservation by another day.

End Notes

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